The STUDENT'S PEN

MARCH NUMBER



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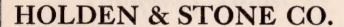
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The STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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Resurrection

Under the ice and the snow drift,
Safe from the cold and the frost,
Nestle the roots of the flowers
Which in autumn we mourned for as lost.
But when the spring's resurrection
Comes with warm sunshine and rain,
Bright with a wonderful beauty,
We shall behold them again.

Take heart, oh! weary, despondent,
Mourning for lives that have fled;
Learn thou from Nature's wise teaching,
They are but sleeping, not dead.
The days seem so dark and so lonely,
Longing for, missing them so;
Life seems to be not worth living;
How gladly we'd let it all go!

But we must live cheerily, bravely,

Though the winter seems cheerless and long.
Remember that springtime is coming,
Bright, with its sunshine and song,
And at that last resurrection,
Shadow and darkness all fled,
Oh! we shall see them and know them,
Those we have mourned for as dead.

Edward Tournier.



A Word to the Wise

Do you realize who supports your high school paper? You do not think, do you, that it is entirely paid for by the nickle collection taken up every Friday? You do not suppose that it is donated by a certain class or an individual? You certainly cannot imagine that it is printed every month as a present from the printing office.

Then who is it that supports your paper? The answer is—the business men of Pittsfield. They advertise in your paper every month and they pay for advertising in it. That is how your magazine is supported.

But do you appreciate this fact? Do you patronize your advertisers as you should? Do you use the list of advertisers as a guide in selecting the places where you shop? Do you recommend these stores to other people? If you don't, you should. You should do it if only for the sake of being loyal to your school and school magazine. You should do it if only for the sake of showing appreciation to the supporters of "The Student's Pen." But you do not need to support these merchants out of kindness, for their business is already established. They are trustworthy and reliable, and you may know that if you buy from one of those stores you are getting the best values money can buy.

So, if you wish to help support your high school paper, and to keep it independent, patronize the advertisers that patronize us!

Katherine Killian.

The Pears Me're Living

FRIEND of mine recently celebrated her sixteenth birthday. She was very proud of the fact. "You know," she said, "they say these are the best years of my life, the years I'm living." And I began to wonder. I came to the conclusion she was right.

Youth lives too much in the future. "When I grow up," it says. Oh, the wonders, the glories, that youth is going to accomplish. It is the time of golden dreams, beautiful but impractical. We would not have youth stop its dreaming, for then the world would be a sordid place, indeed. But if the young people would realize that it is the present they are living in, that there are things to be done which they alone can do, and must do now, it would benefit them greatly.

There is a saying, "To-morrow never comes," Youth should get busy. The habit of doing instead of dreaming is one which will be of use throughout life. Acquire it and you will find that, whether you are sixteen or sixty, life will be a joy. They're always best, the years we're living.

To the Students

"THE STUDENT'S PEN" is once more under way for another new term of its publication. The staff has increased beyond all expectations; and the hope for future success has risen "sky-high". If the financial standing keeps up its satisfying pace, and if the students are roused sufficiently to inspire them to show their literary ability, "The Pen" ought to improve with each coming issue.

Those who have not been too busy searching for some point in the paper on which to fix their unjust comment, may have noted that the department heads have shown a remarkable spirit and support in the efforts they have put forth to better the paper and to increase the quality and quantity of material submitted. To them is due a great amount of praise and appreciation. It is gratifying, indeed, to know that your assistants are with you and to realize that they are interested and enthusiastic in their work, but it is most disappointing and discouraging to have to admit that the backing of the school as a whole is more than deficient. It is most heart-rending and yet at the same time, more or less to be expected that those so-called fellow-students who contribute nothing at all to "The Pen's" welfare are the first and the most eager to criticize it, to find fault with the material, the cuts, the covers, and even to carry their criticism to outsiders rather than bring it to the staff where it would be received with courtesy and welcome.

Can such action be termed fair play? Although you have to confess that it is unjust, the attitude of the school remains the same. Something must be done to bring about a change in the interest manifested by the pupils in their own school paper. If there has been any such false idea in the past that the paper is the product of "The Pen" club alone, that error must be corrected now, and you must be impressed with the fact that "The Student's Pen" is a magazine which belongs to every individual pupil, and that it will always be what you choose to make it.

The fate of "The Pen" is not something to be scoffed at and ridiculed, but it is a question seriously to be considered, for the paper acts as a medium between the school and the public. If its great significance has never been brought to your attention before, it is time you were made to realize it. The only means by which your ideas, your opinions, your wishes can reach the public lies in that small magazine. It is the voice of the school. Furthermore, from forty to sixty copies of each issue are sent to various parts of the New England and Middle Atlantic States, and schools, far too remote ever to visit us, judge us by our "Pen."

Is not then the "voice" of Pittsfield High School, deserving of a little more respect? Remember the prestige of the school and try to raise the standard. Do not forget that the staff is looking forward to your help during the ensuing months. Do not fail us again.



Trimp House

ARKER awoke with a start. He listened. He shivered, not with fear but with the cold. Outside the bedroom the wind crooned mournfully. Stifling a yawn he turned to arouse his bedfellow. Half sleepily he explored with his hand the space beside him, thinking it queer that that side of the bed should be perfectly cold. Suddenly he was wide awake. His companion simply was not there. Then that queer sound was again heard in the bedroom of the old Trimp House. Parker reflected. Where had he heard that sound before? Well, no use lying in bed racking his brains for a solution of that elusive noise.

He slipped out of the warm bed and was about to turn on his flashlight and start solving this confounded midnight mystery, when he noticed a human figure silhouetted against the shadeless windows. And then did Parker become wide awake. Oh! that was it. His companion, Kimball, was a sleep walker. Parker hesitated, waiting for the figure in front of the window, to move.

He could see the eyes of the sleep walker glinting glassily in the light of the cold, wintry moon. Finally they fixed themselves on him. Parker, thinking to end at once this mysterious interruption of his slumbers, pressed the button of his torch. He was not prepared for the result. There stood Kimball, smiling and eyeing him amusedly.

"Rather ghastly business, eh Jack" he laughed. Then once more he endeavored to light a match. Parker felt strangely relieved at this explanation of the mysterious noise. But what was this! His companion slowly lighted a black cigar, and puffed it contentedly.

"Why all the mysterious noises and nocturnal smoking?" demanded Parker. Queer fellow, this Kimball, to be smoking in the dead of the night.

"My dear Watson, have you forgotten that we are in Trimp House?" his companion retorted as he lit the oil-lamp suspended from the ceiling. He then drew on a pair of trousers, pulled on his shoes, and threw a bathrobe over his shoulders.

At this moment Parker remembered the bet made the day before to the effect that he would sleep in the old Trimp House for a night, and come out perfectly sane. He watched his companion walk to where his suitcase was lying and take therefrom a large, antiquated pistol of Civil War days.

"This," said Kimball, "is closely connected with the legend of this old house." Parker, always ready to listen to old legends, prepared to settle down and hear even the whole history of Trimp house. Kimball laid his half-burned cigar on the window sill and pointed significantly to a queer hole in one part of the window casement. Parker examined this deep gouge and concluded that it had been made by a pistol-ball. Then Kimball commenced his tale.

"Yes, the old house has quite a history. You know old Trimp owned this place at about the time the Civil War was drawing to a close. But the interesting thing I'll tell you about happened right in this room. Since the gun is loaded, when I've finished the story, I'll enact the shooting and show you just where the shooter stood at the time. Now, if you remember, old Trimp met his death in this very room. He and a friend had had some nasty affair over a woman, and a couple of nights later old Trimp was shot by this friend. By the way, old Trimp was my great grandfather and the name of the man that shot him was Seth Winton. The bullet, after killing old Trimp, made that hole that you see in the casement. Seth escaped, but in his haste, he forgot to take his pistol with him. By the way, Jack, what was your great-grandfather's name?"

Kimball glanced sharply at Parker and toyed with the pistol. Parker was taken unawares by this sudden question and he recalled with difficulty the name of that distant relative. He replied innocently, "Guess 'twas Seth something—oh! yes, Seth Winton." Then he started. Kimball was watching him closely, all the while rubbing the smooth pistol-barrell. Kimball's voice, harsh and cruel, broke in upon Parker's thoughts.

"I thought so, and now my chance for revenge has come. You can't get away, for I could kill you before you ever reached that door. Seth Winton, the sneaking, murdering rascal, killed my great-grandfather in cold blood just as I am going to kill you, John Parker." Kimball finished this terrifying statement and slowly raised the pistol. Parker, stunned by the sudden change that had come over his companion and frightened by the terrible disaster impending, sat as if glued to his chair. From where he sat the muzzle of the unwavering pistol seemed to possess awe-inspiring dimensions. He tried to speak, but his throat contracted and the total result of his efforts was a hoarse gasp. It all seemed like some horrible dream caused by this terrible and memorable old house. But the pistol was slowly leveling on his chest in the approximate vicinity of his heart. Unable to cry out, tense with fear, he watched the forefinger of his companion tighten on the trigger.

"Now! John Parker" cried Kimball, and he pulled the trigger. At this point Parker, unable to stand the tension on his taut nerves, collapsed in a dead faint. Had he remained conscious a half-second longer, he would have noticed that there had been no report and that he was unharmed.

John Henry Parker, once more regaining consciousness, found himself in bed. Beside him lay Kimball, snoring peacefully. Parker's brain whirled dizzily. Was it all a dream? Had he been shot by Kimball? His splitting headache made him give up the attempt to answer these questions.

Weakly Parker slid out of bed and staggered to the shadeless window. The bright morning sun cheered and warmed him but also revealed absolutely no traces of a bullet hole in the casement, nor the least speck of cigar ash on the window sill! Likewise was his companion's valise entirely devoid of anything remotely suggesting a pistol!

"Hi, Jack, what's the trouble? Looking for secret panels or for illicit bootleg concealed in that innocent suitcase of mine?" yawned Kimball, from the bed. Parker whirled and rushed to the bed. He grasped Kimball by the arm.

"Last night I was—," Parker faltered. Kimball was eyeing him queerly and with an amused smile on his good-natured face.

"Last night you were sleeping right out loud, judging by your snores," finish-

ed Kimball. "You look as if you had had a bad dream. 'Unhand me, graybeard loon'," he quoted laughingly.

Parker was silent. He must have been dreaming. But the vividness of that dream, if it had been one, made him shiver and wonder by turns. A half hour later he was hurrying to his bachelor's quarters in a more busy section of the city. When Parker's hastening figure disappeared around a corner, Kimball chuckled and soliloquized thus: "Tis too bad that Parker doesn't know that we changed rooms in the night after I pretended to shoot. Poor fellow! Rather a nervous wreck now, I'll bet. But it's queer he didn't come to when I was carrying him to the bed in the next room. Well, I'm satisfied and it's lucky for me that the rooms in the old Trimp House are exactly identical in every detail, and that Parker wasn't inclined to explore a bit after his queer 'dream'."

And to this day Parker wonders if that terrible event which took place in the dead of the night at the old Trimp House was only a dream or a real happening.

Elmer Merriman '27

On Quaint Nantucket Island

WAS awakened by some one shouting in the street. I sat straight up in bed. Was I still asleep and dreaming? No, but why were all the houses across the street such an alarming red? Then suddenly it dawned upon me; there was a fire. I looked over at Frank, who was sleeping soundly; underneath his blankets he looked like some variety of mammoth chrysalis. After I had shouted, "Fire!", several times, I came to the conclusion that he was quite deaf. If I had called "breakfast is ready", I am sure it would have roused him, for it always did. If those magic words were but whispered, he would be out of his bed in a flash. Finally, I got up and gave Frank a sharp dig in the ribs. The Chrysalis moved.

"There's a fire in the neighborhood," I shouted. A hand clutched madly at a bathrobe and a pajama-clad figure made a dash for the door. I, too, left the room, though not in such a state of haste. On my way downstairs, I pounded on Jimmie's door and told him that there was a fire. I heard a sleepy voice say something about not smelling any smoke, but not wanting to miss anything, I hurried on.

I stepped out into the street and saw that the large wooden hotel next door was in flames. I found that Frank's picturesque costume was quite the fashion, for many of the hotel guests had rushed out with as little on as he had. The town's two trucks were already on the scene, and hand-drawn hose-reel and a cart full of leather fire-buckets were being hauled to the blaze. Evidently someone had rifled the museum. I expected to see men with harpoons, oil-lamps and other relics of the old whaling town,—but no, I found they had confined their theft to necessary articles only.

By this time we had all met and had found that Frank's dress was becoming less and less popular. Many ridiculous fads are short lived and this one proved to be no exception. After having been asked several times if he had any place to spend the night, he went back to the house and changed his "klannish" garb for civilian clothes.

Meanwhile, Nantucket had mustered its police force. He came strolling down the street with a clothes line in his hand, but the process of roping off the crowd

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proved to be somewhat difficult, for no sooner did he get his line up in one place, but he found that he had shut in quite as many people as he had shut out. Finally he hid the rope under a bush and strolled about as if roping off the crowd were the last thing he had intended to do. When I asked an old, tottering, one-toothed sea captain if the force had always been the same size, he replied, "Well, the force in '97 was just one hundred and fifty, but now, they say, it's two hundred." At first I thought the poor fellow had lost his mind, but later it came to me that he was talking about pounds, not men.

Much property was saved by the summer residents. I saw two striking examples of this fact: one was a noteworthy incident in which two girls stood on a second story balcony and saved pillows by casting them with terrific force on the crowd below; another was a most difficult feat performed by some young fellows: a trunk, carefully tied with a rope, was lowered to the ground from the top story. As it descended, it swayed back and forth, smashing several windows. When the trunk reached the ground, it was found to be empty;—but then, it's always the spirit that counts.

Since the fire was almost out, and the excitement over, Frank and I went back to bed, but Jimmie, now fully awake, found some girls, with whom he played bridge until morning.

Robert Seaver, '26.

Daughter bs. Dad

UTH MOREY trudged home from school, downcast and despondent, deciding for the twentieth time that day that it was a cruel, hard, world. As she walked along a large, low roadster shot into view; two girlish occupants waved condescendingly at her, and then the roadster disappeared in a cloud of dust, leaving Ruth, still more downcast, behind.

"You can patronize me now," she told the dust cloud, "but you just wait. As soon as Dad gets that crazy idea out of his head that women drivers are a menace to society, I'll have a car, and," spitefully, "it won't be a little puddle pimper like that either."

The cause of most of Ruth's despondency was due to the fact that she had wanted a car for a long time, and there were only a few things that Ruth Morey wanted and didn't get. A roadster, however, was one of the things. Father did not believe in women drivers. One had tried to see how completely she could smash his car once, without damaging her own, and since that time Mr. Morey's faith in women operators was as completely shattered as his car. He declared with fervor over and over again that his daughter should not become one of "those dratted roadpests," as he expressed it, endangering the lives of innocent pedestrians. But his daughter had made up her mind that she would have a car, so she kept on teasing. She begged, she pleaded, she pouted, argued, and demanded, but all her efforts were of no avail. Dad was obdurate.

On this particular evening Mr. Morey was somewhat out of sorts himself and Ruth's renewal of a subject which he thought had been settled, made him lose some of his dignity. With a very complete mixture of descriptive adjectives Dad Morey explained fully why he didn't want Ruth to have a car and finally he bellowed forth a fiery ultimatum, after a heated conversation at the supper table.

"I said no," he exploded, "and I mean it. If there is anything foolish, or silly, or absolutely crazy, it is a woman driver. My daughter shall not become one of them."

The fight was on. It was Ruth's move. She rallied her somewhat fatigued forces, drew up another line of defense and went at it. For three weeks the battle waged. Meanwhile, Morey had automobile with his coffee, car warmed over for luncheon, and roadster cold for dinner. Ruth only succeeded in routing the enemy to the club rooms where even the most decided young lady could not pursue. Mr. Morey was getting weary and beginning to wonder when it all was going to end.

"If she only could drive sensibly," he moaned over and over again, "but she's a girl. The first thing I'd know she'd be arrested for speeding, wrong parking, disregard of traffic rules, manslaughter or flirting with the traffic cops. What shall I do?"

Then one dark, rainy, dismal night, when Ruth had begun to despair, Fate smiled on her. Mr. Morey had left in a great hurry for a town sixty miles away. He must arrive there before eleven o'clock that night or he would lose an important order which he wished to obtain very much. Ruth had settled herself in her favorite chair with a book called, "The Handling of a Car," and was poring over its pages when the telephone rang. The party calling proved to be her father.

"Missed the train," he informed her. "Send the chauffeur down to the station right away and tell him not to give every girl he sees a lift; tell him not to drop dead on the way, and to put the chains on."

Mr. Morey banged the receiver down on the hook and Ruth—well Ruth went down to talk to the chauffeur.

Mr. Morey was interrupted from his pacing up and down the platform, by the arrival of his car and chauffeur sooner than he had expected.

The chauffeur looked prepared for all kinds of rainy weather. His cap, which he touched respectfully, was pulled down over his eyes and his slicker collar nearly hid his face from view.

As Morey stepped into the large Marmon, he uttered these words. "Man, drive as you've never driven before. Beat all the traffic cops on the road. Go just as fast as you can and don't kill anyone."

The chauffeur started the car and guided it deftly out of the traffic on to the smooth, treacherous pavements. Then step on it, he did.

Twenty-five,—the purr of the engine showed that the car was in perfect order. Thirty-five, forty,—they passed a huge Pierce Arrow. Fifty, fifty-five, sixty,—Mr. Morey sat up and took notice. Sixty-five, seventy—was the man crazy? Seventy-five—the car skidded and for the first time Morey noticed that the chains weren't on. He leaned forward.

"Say," he bellowed, "I didn't say that that confounded order was more important than my life. Let up. This isn't a fire engine."

A gruff voice came from out of the depths of the chauffeur's coat collar, "I'm driving this car."

Mr. Morey decided then and there to discharge the chauffeur as soon as they got home (if they did) and then settled down to the more important task of holding on to his hat. Even in his wrath he had to admit that the man could drive. The car was under superb control and Morey lost some of his fear through watching the naturally graceful movements of the able chauffeur. Finally he became reconciled to his fate and placed his life in the hands of the Supreme Power and the man at the wheel.

Did they get there? They did, with three motorcycle policemen on their trail, a flat tire, but a jubilantly happy Mr. Morey. He got his order, had a little talk with the officers of law and majesty, and afterwards a safe and sane ride home.

He turned to where the man was drying his clothes over the steam radiator, and then he made a discovery. The chauffeur had light, curly, bobbed hair, big blue eyes, and—the chauffeur was Ruth.

Morey was too dumfounded to speak, but Ruth was too proud of her victory not to say, "I told you so," and, as must eventually happen in the end, Ruth got the roadster.

Hattie Hinckley, Com'l.

Collegiate

A CCORDING to the dictionary, "collegiate" means "pertaining to or containing a college." But, I dare say, if you ask ten young men or women what the word in question means, nine of them will give you a description of a young man clothed contrary to all ideas of common sense.

One day, upon asking a friend for a definition of the word, he replied that though he was unable to give me a definition, he could give a good description. His description proved to be as follows:

To be "collegiate" one must first have a Ford, not a common, decent, ordinary Ford, but a very old, dilapidated one. Be sure to get one of the old models with all the brass adornments. Cut off the top completely, for a top is most unnecessary. Paint each door of the car a different color, but have the colors as bright as possible, such as orange, red, and blue. After having completed the painting, print warning signs on the back and sides, such as, "Pray as you enter", and "Wipe your feet", etc, and cover the remaining space with cartoons and pictures of the comic-sheet characters, for instance Mr. and Mrs. Gunn or Barney Google. Do not be too fussy about the tires or brakes, and never worry about the engine.

As for the clothes—dress entirely opposite from sane people. Have the legs of your trousers at least thirty inches in circumference; lace your shoes from the top down; wear your belt buckle over your hips; wear very wide-toed shoes with leather heels; bright-colored socks without garters; and any old hat that you can slouch over one eye.

Fill the tank of your Ford with water, and the tonneau with seven or eight young men dressed in the same fashion as you. Remember, never to permit anyone to enter your car through a door, but have your friends climb over the windshield or over the back seat. Ride up and down the main street, never losing sight of a garage (just in case of trouble) and by all means, don't ever set foot in Northampton.

George Loveless.

House of Mystery

VIVIAN COURTLAND was going home! Home after five years of London, Paris, Venice, Rome, and the other great cities of Europe.

Standing on the deck of the S. S. Maritania, she eagerly watched the skyline of New York. Her heart had given a great throb of joy when she had seen the Lady Liberty's welcoming hand, and now her ship was nosing to the pier. A half hour more and she would be one of the great, happy crowd. Three days more and she would be home. How lonely she had been all these years! How heartsick!

When she left the boat she tripped gaily down the gang plank, her heart singing joyfully, "I'm home. I'm home."

She tipped the porter generously to take care of her baggage and decided to walk to her hotel.

She swung along as briskly as one can in a great crowd. A young man passed her, stopped and stared, then, "Why, Vivian Courtland, when did you come back?"

"Rodney Ellis, of all the people to meet first!"

They were shaking hands and talking excitedly, for Vivian and Rodney were old friends. Before the death of Vivian's father Rodney had hoped—but that was five years ago.

"Let me take you to the Jack and Jill for tea. I want to talk to you. You'll never know how much I've missed you."

"Don't, Rod," Vivian's face was serious; then, "All right, I'll go. Little Old New York looks great to me. Hang on to my arm; I want to look and look without having to look after myself."

Rodney piloted her across the Avenue to the pretty little tea shop where, after seating themselves, he ordered tea and tiny cakes.

"How long is New York to be your present abode?" he asked.

"Three days. I can hardly wait to get home. How does Courtland Manor look, Rod? Still the same dear, old place?"

"Yes," he replied, somewhat shortly, but Vivian did not notice for the tea and cakes had arrived.

"Oh, my favorite tea and the cakes, too. What a wonderful memory you have."

"My memory never fails when you are concerned," he began, but seeing disapproval in her eyes, he added quickly, "I say, Vivian, I'm going home, too, Thursday. If it isn't asking too much of you, couldn't we go down together?"

Vivian hesitated a moment, then she nodded her head in approval.

"Splendid. It will seem like old times, before—before Dad went away," she ended softly.

No one ever spoke of the circumstances surrounding Stephen Courtland's death. For he had died in disgrace, accused of being the master mind of a big swindling corporation which had robbed thousands of their money. Immediately after his arrest, he had become ill and had died insane. The only words he uttered during his lucid moments were, "The papers. 59—1—0—right—59."

These young people whose lives had been touched by the tragedy sat in silence, for a moment. Then the orchestra began to play "Memory Lane" and Vivian, rousing herself, said, "It's all a memory now, tho, sometimes, I wonder———"

and she changed the subject abruptly, "What have you been doing with yourself, Rod?"

"I'm junior partner of Howe, Bronson and Ellis, Attorneys at Law," he told her.

"Congratulations! I've always said you'd do it," and she offered him her hand.

He accepted it in the spirit it was offered and, as they had finished, he beckoned to the girl and paid their check.

Once more outside, they bent their steps toward Vivian's hotel.

"Let me make all train arrangements, Vivian, and if you should want anything, call me up, please," he begged.

"I will," she assured him.

"Then, goodbye, until Thursday."

Thursday morning found Vivian and Rodney ten minutes early, but the train was early, too, so Rodney settled their baggage and getting out a book and a box of candy proceeded to make Vivian as comfortable as possible.

"I feel like a queen returning from exile," Vivian laughed as the train pulled out of the station. "I almost wish I had wings so that I might get there sooner."

Rodney made no answer, but the girl, chatting eagerly, did not notice.

"Do you remember what gorgeous times we used to have playing in the old attic?"

"Yes," Rodney smiled somewhat grimly.

"Rodney Ellis, what ever is wrong? I don't think you've said three words since we've started. You certainly don't act glad to be going home."

"To tell the truth, I'm not. And far less glad that you're going home," he burst out.

Vivian was speechless with surprise. "No, I'm not fooling. I mean it," he said quickly.

"But why?"

"Because there's something wrong with Courtland Manor. It fairly seeps with mystery from what I've heard."

"From what you've heard?" she seized upon his last words. "Then you don't know what these mysteries are?"

"Well, no," he assented slowly, "but I've heard all about them."

"How, when and where?" she asked lightly.

Rod took a letter from his pocket and read:

"The village folks won't go near it anymore, Rodney; Sam Smith, the care-taker, decamped weeks ago saying he couldn't stand it any longer; and old Jacob Nuton, the stage driver, swears he saw a weird light in the house which appeared and disappeared in a strange way. The worst is yet to come, Rod, for I've seen it my-self."

Rodney stopped reading and Vivian inquired as to the writer of the letter. "Bessie Marlowe?" she mused. "Bessie's not an alarmist, either. So I'm not to go home because there's a mysterious light roaming around wild?" she asked flippantly. "Really, Rodney, this is far better than I expected."

"You don't mean you'll go there now?" Rodney asked, having expected her to refuse flatly to go.

"I surely will. Why, do you think that a Courtland would run away from danger", a slight note of mockery crept into her voice as she added, "to say nothing of mysterious lights?"

Rodney stared at her in amazement.

"But—but——", he stammered.

"Let's not say anymore about it. Courtland Manor has sheltered Courtlands ever since the Revolutionary War. I'd feel like a traitor, if I should leave it for any old cock and bull story. You see," she added whimsically, "I'm determined to go and live there."

"Very well," he bowed in deference to her wish, "but will you promise to 'phone me if anything unusual happens?"

"Why, Rodney Ellis, you act as solemn as a judge." She tried to laugh his seriousness away."

"Will you promise me?" he persisted.

"Yes, yes, I promise, but it's all so silly," she exclaimed.

Late afternoon found them drawing into Harrisburg, the tiny village in which they had grown to young womanhood and manhood together.

Old Jacob Nuton and the only decent carriage Harrisburg could boast of met the train as it pulled in to the station.

"Wal, if I ain't goldinged. Is that thar Miss Vivian?"

"It is, Grandaddy Nuton," and Vivian flew to bestow a kiss on Grandaddy Nuton's ruddy old cheek. Then they clambered into his rickety old carriage.

As they jogged along the road, Jacob asked, "Ye ain't thinkin' of going to the old manor, be ye?"

"Yes, Grandaddy, that's just what I am thinking of."

"Glory be," ejaculated the old man, "ye ain't gonna let her, be ye, Rod?"

"'Fraid I can't help it, seeing as I haven't much to say about it," Rodney replied abruptly.

"No, 'fraid he hasn't". Then, "There's Courtland Manor. Do stop a moment, Grandaddy, I just want to sit here and look at it."

Courtland Manor, gleaming white against its background of green, sat well back from the street. A wide, shady road let up to its massive doors. Built a little before the Revolution, it was now pointed out with pride to every summer visitor that came to Harrisburg. For was it not common gossip that the great house had sheltered Washington himself?

"Oh, hurry, Grandaddy. Wait, let me out," and Vivian ran swiftly up the drive.

When Rodney arrived she had unlocked the huge door which was swinging slowly open. She ran half way up the broad stairway and stopped. Rodney heard her give a quick, sharp exclamation.

"What is it?" he wanted to know as he hurried to her side.

"Someone has been here. Look!" she pointed to a footprint clearly defined in the dust which had settled in the house during its years of vacancy.

She glanced up at Rodney expecting to hear him say, "I thought as much." But his attention was on the footprints they, themselves, had made up to this point. For on each step was an imprint of Vivian's dainty foot, as well as the mark of his own foot, and on the stair before them the unknown footprint, but on the stairs

above it, the dust lay undisturbed. There was only the one solitary footprint in the middle of the stairway! How had it gotten there, this single footprint, halfway up the stairs?

Startled, the two young people gazed at one another, for the moment, speechless.

"Surely, you won't stay now?" Rodney broke the silence and the spell that seemed to hold them.

Vivian laughed shakily, but pluckily replied. "I certainly will."

Try as they would, neither Rodney nor old Jacob could get her to change her mind. Old Jacob drove away muttering to himself, and Rodney left after reminding her of her promise to call him if needed.

Alone in the house, Vivian flew from room to room renewing old acquaintances with all the dear things of her home and childhood days. Her fears completely allayed for the time, she sang and whistled boyishly as she prepared a light supper, washed the dishes and made up a bed.

Ten o'clock! The great clock downstairs filled the house with its silvery chimes. Vivian, reading in bed, put down her book to listen. The telephone ringing shrilly mingled with the soft chimes. Vivian put on a dressing gown and, taking a candle, hurried down the hall and down the stairs to the 'phone.

"Hello."

There was no answer.

"Hello."

Again no answer.

Then central's, "Number, please."

"Someone called here, central."

"There's no one on the line now. Willy ouexcuse it please?" central said breezily and rang off.

"Well, that's a nice note." Vivian picked up her candle and climbed slowly up the stairs. The candle filled the place with weird shadows and Vivian quickened her step. A sudden draught of wind blew the candle out. Vivian heard a short, sharp click; a hand seized her wrist. There was a muffled shriek, a sound of a falling body and again the great house was wrapped in forbidding silence. Alyce Columbia '26

(To be Continued)

Apple Sauce

"Come again, any time."

"We've had such a perfectly delightful time!"

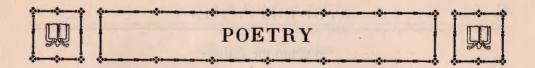
"What a perfect baby!"

"Wonderful opportunities in Florida."

"Our soft coal burns wonderfully."

"If you dare do that again, I'll scream."

"How becoming you look in your new hat."



Secrets

People walking down the busy streets, Hurrying home to sorrow, or to joy, Or just home Where someone's cooking supper And children quarrel or shout at play.

Houses set back from the busy streets, Sheltering men, and women, And children. For years they've kept their silent watches While old men died and babies came to smile.

Cities filled with every sort of thing, Everywhere, With mansions, and slums, and factories, With everything the world has ever known.

Mystery!
It hovers all about us here,
While we go calmly walking down the streets
And wonder what we're going to have for tea.

M. H. Bastow.

The Brook

The brook that gliding goes o'er rock and stone, And ripples on its long and winding way, Reflecting all the glorious light of day, And in whose pools the silver moon has shone, Makes music that exceeds the organ's tone, Or bird's song, with its light and joyful play. I love to spend my hours in quiet way Beside thy mossy banks; and there atone For care which comes unbidden to us all, And holds us fast in clutches firm and strong. Oh brook! I love to hear thy gurgling fall, To see thy glistening waves; and how I long To stay by thee all day, and hear the call Of thy sweet voice and thy unending song.

Violet Rankin

STUDENT'S PEN

I Own the Hills

Cold, blue, distant hills,
Under the chill, pale light
Of winter's sun;
These are my hills,
These clear cut, haughty sentinels of earth.

And purple hills are mine, Beneath the warmth And sunny, golden light Of summer days; Mystical, changing, Calling me to them.

Gray, hazy hills I love When in the mist Of rain I see them, Low, and comforting.

Dark, black, forbidding hills
That tower and reach
Toward the far stars,
Stern, challenging;—
These are my hills,
The night hills.

I think all hills, Everywhere, Belong to me.

M. H. Bastow.

'Tis Spring

Aye, the fairies chant sweet tunes for Springtime's dreamers, Songs of sunsets, silver moons, and starry seas; How the pussywillows change to feath'ry streamers And the wee buds promise leaves to barren trees.

How the babbling brooks are courting with the pebbles Which they chance to meet while dancing on their way, And the boastful robins sing in thrilling trebles, Winning mates to live with them for summer's stay.

How the woodland air is filled with fragrance Of spicy pines and many a growing thing; The fairies, dancing, sing in sweetest cadence, "Awake, O, Earth! Be glad! 'Tis spring, 'tis spring!" A. R. Pomeroy '27.

P. H. S. Alphabet

"A" is for Algebra, doom of us all,

Before it the trials of geometry pall.

"B" is for Baseball, a very good game.

A place on the team rewards one with fame.

"C" is for Classes attended each day;

Sometimes we don't like them, but still we must stay.

"D" is for Discipline—long, tiresome time;

"Tis only for children who've slept until nine.

"E" stands for Effort some show in their work;

Also the Envy in pupils who shirk.

"F" is for Football, best of all sports;

To play on the team one must have good reports.

"G" is for Gumption which all must possess

To gain a promotion in this edifice.

"H" is for Homework, easy or hard,

Which teachers assign without due regard.

"I" is for Interest in things that abound,

But when it's for studies it's hard to be found.

"J" is for Judgment that comes to us all

After each escapade out in the hall.

"K" is for Knowledge, which all should possess,

As soon as we finish with old P. H. S.

"L" stands for Lessons, the students' delight.

They like them so much they stay up half the night.

"M" stands for Marks, marks high and marks low.

It's lucky that "F" is as low as they go.

"N" stands for Nuisance, who goes late to school,

Laughs in his classes, and acts like a fool.

"O" is for Optional, studies we choose,

And some, I am certain, we gladly would lose.

"P" is for Pittsfield, athletic and fair:

With our Alma Mater, no school can compare.

"Q" stands for Questions, hard ones and easy,

Some good and some bad, some provokingly teasy.

"R" is for Record, which, as a rule,

We hope to keep clear while we are in school.

"S" is for School, and Study of books,

And also for Slickers, to add to our looks.

"T" is for Ted, whose last name is Combs.

When he's half-back for Pittsfield, it's Drury that groans.

"U", standing for Us, uses excellent taste,

For we're always the winners whenever we're raced.

"V" stands for Voices, which sometimes grow weak

When it's "three-minute-speech day" and our turn to speak.

Continued on page 34



Barren Ground

OME books take us by storm, some keep up a steady siege on our minds, and others creep up on us when we are no longer expecting attack—we say they "grow on us." In the latter group I place "Barren Ground", a novel by Ellen Glasgow, a novelist whose stories of the South have recently attracted much attention. I finished the book with a vague sense of dissatisfaction, a wonder as to whether the conclusion wasn't a little inconsistent with the character as drawn by the author. There is still a little doubt in my mind, though it is largely over-shadowed by the realization of the novel's literary value and outweighed even more by the fine character study.

"Barren Ground" is the story of the search of a girl who has found love wanting, for something enduring and satisfying. In the first part, called "Broomsedge", from the colorful shrub which creeps over the barren Virginian ground, flame-like love sweeps over Dorinda's life. As the name implies, it is a saga of the land. After the broomsedge grows up the pine—Dorinda's return and her pledge of allegiance to the country of her fathers, when she finds in her hard and unceasing labor rest from the torment of thinking of the man she had loved. But it is only when "life everlasting", which succeeds the pine, comes to Dorinda—not through love, not through religion—things Dorinda had tried and found wanting—that she ends her search.

Queerly enough, though the book is of the earth and of commonplace people, it is exalted, even epical in idea. Perhaps this impression is heightened by the restraint and delicacy always felt throughout. Then, too, it is a most quotable book. One is constantly struck by things that show a deep knowledge of life. There is much wisdom in this novel, a homely, earthy wisdom.

Madge Tompkins '26.

The Perrenial Bachelor

JEW people could have come upon a subject more unusual and unique, and then have developed it in the intensely interesting style which Miss Anne Parrish has adopted. This Harper prize novel, published in nineteen twenty-five, well deserves the comment of reviewers.

The book deals with a period from eighteen fifty to our very present flapper age, a contrast, indeed! It opens with a description of an ordinary well-to-dofamily in the southern part of New York. Three sisters, Maggie, Lily, and May, and their mother and father are the members of the family. Very soon a much longed-for son, Victor, is added to the Campion menage on the same day that Mr. Campion is killed by a horse. Since he is an "only son," he is much spoiled and adored. His mother and sisters give in to his every wish and hasten to fulfill his least desire. Later his mother meets a gentleman, Mr. Lacey, who wishes to marry her. In his small-boy way, Victor takes an immediate and unaccountable dislike for Mr. Lacey and so his mother refuses the offer.

Then Maggie becomes engaged to Edward Post, who goes away to earn something for them to start in housekeeping. Mrs. Campion dies and Maggie is left to take care of Victor. When Edward comes back and asks her to go South with him, he demands, "Which shall it be, Victor or me?"

"Victor," is the unwavering reply.

All through his life that was the way Victor commanded his family. Thus, he spoiled with unmitigated selfishness the chances for marriage of each of his sisters.

It would be indeed worth one's while to read this book during a leisure evening.

Margaret Moore '26.

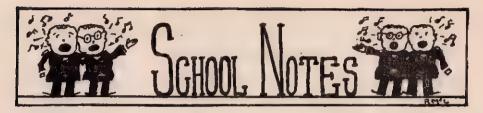
Ruben and Ivy Sen

SOMETHING of the East! The story of an Oriental and Occidental problem! Louise Jordan Miln has portrayed much of the Chinese nature, and has described many of their ancestral customs in her charming, new book, Ruben and Ivy Sen.

Years before our story begins, a young Washington girl fell in love with the powerful Sen King Lo, an ambassador to the United States from China. Washington was scandalized when Charles Snow permitted his cousin, Ruby, to marry the Chinese Sen King Lo. But Ruby Sen was as devoted to her Chinese husband as he was to her. They had two children, a son, Ruben, and a daughter, Ivy. Shortly after his daughter was born, Sen King Lo died, leaving his vast estates in China to his wife, who held them in trust for his son, Ruben.

As Ruben grew up, he became a sweet-natured lad who appeared as English as any of his companions, but his tastes were strongly Chinese. Gladly would he have exchanged faces with Ivy, who had inherited her father's looks but her mother's tastes. Ruben never complained because he did not resemble his father, although it was the one desire of his life. He loved his mother too much to make her unhappy over something that could not be helped. But Ivy was not so considerate of her mother. She complained continually because of her Chinese face.

Continued on page 34



Students' Council

The first meeting of the Students' Council was held in the Lecture Room with Mr. Strout acting as presiding officer. A measure proposing that representatives to the council be elected by the school at large, so that the membership would be more evenly divided between the girls and boys, was overruled. It was decided that two members of our council represent Pittsfield High at the Students' Council Convention in Holyoke. Alexander Tanner, a senior and Sumner Gamwell, a junior, were the chosen representatives.

These various committees were selected: Athletic Committee: Fred Chester, John Sullivan, Raymond Pilon; Assembly Committee: Alexander Tanner, Maxine McClatchey, Clayton Nesbit; Interior Committee: Ralph Burr, George Holderness, Albert Alvaro; Lunch Room Committee: Margaret Smith, Donald MacIntosh, Merrill Tabor, Maxine McClatchey; Traffic Committee: Helen Finn, Margaret Killeen, Robert Goodman.

The officers of the newly organized Council are: *President*, Alexander Tanner; *Vice-President*, Raymond Pilon; *Secretary*, Albert Alvaro.

The Holyoke Convention

Sumner Gamwell and Liston Tanner were the delegates from P. H. S. to the convention of the Associated Student Councils of Massachusetts, which was held in the Hotel Nonotuck at Holyoke, Monday, February 22nd, 1926.

The convention opened at 10 A.M. with a speech of welcome by Mayor Scanlon of Holyoke, and a short speech by Principal Conant of Holyoke High. The election of officers was held next, and after the elections came an address by President Olds of Amherst, who spoke on self-education and self-government. The next speakers to be heard were Miss Olstead, president of Mt. Holyoke student council, and Mr. Woodruff, president of the Amherst College student council. The meeting was adjourned at 12.30, and we went to lunch.

After luncheon, a general discussion was held, and all the councils represented gave any ideas or suggestions which they thought might be of help to other councils. Near the end of the meeting, the election of next year's officers was held and Worcester was chosen as the convention city. At 4 P. M. the meeting was adjourned until next year.

Rally

A rally for the purpose of arousing school spirit and for practicing the songs and cheers was held in the auditorum, Thursday, March 11th. There were three speakers from Central High and two from Commercial. Jimmie MacIntosh, manager of the basketball team, urged the students to come out and support the team.

STUDENT'S PEN

23

Lila Burns referred to several well-known phrases in an exceedingly clever way. The two speakers from Commercial were Mr. Clink and Miss McCummesky. They were very well received by the student body. The last speaker, Harriet Moses, had as her topic, "School Spirit." The meeting was then turned over to the cheerleaders.

Boys' Cooking Class

Now-a-days the boys aren't taking any chances—they are even learning to cook. Out West, the land of progress in education, cooking classes for boys have been a part of the curriculum for some time. In Oklahoma, in many of the schools, all senior boys are required to take the subject. But here in the East, it is quite a new idea for the male members of the schools to learn the great art of cooking. Pittsfield High is the first school in Western Massachusetts to offer such a cooking course, and we should feel proud of the achievement, even tho we haven't an elaborately equipped domestic science room, such as some schools have. The twelve boys who belong to the cooking class don white aprons and caps, like real chefs, before beginning work. Each lesson is a unit in itself, that is, the students learn how to make one complete dish in each class. The group meets four days a week and has as its instructor, Miss Erhart. The boys receive four credits toward their diploma for their labor. We certainly consider it all a splendid idea and wish the boys the best of luck in learning to boil water without burning it.

Ulith the **Faculty**

Miss Helen Grace, who is now teaching biology in Miss Clifford's place, is from Springfield, Massachusetts. She is a graduate of St. Elizabeth's College in New Jersey and of De Paul's University of Chicago.

While Miss Jordan is in the South, Mrs. Jackman, wife of the principal of Dalton High School, is teaching in her place. Mrs. Jackman has studied extensively. She is a graduate of Heburn Academy in Maine and of Colby College. In addition to this, she has studied at West Virginia University toward an A. M. degree in education.

Senior A Class

"What shall it be?" "What shall it be?" "A play or a dance?" Questions to this effect have been uppermost in the minds of the Senior A's ever since they reached that noble and dignified position. But every senior class faces this question and every senior class advances the same arguments pro and con. Opinions, statistics, and all sorts of facts relative to the question at issue were offered at the Senior A Class meeting held March 11th. After all the votes had been cast and placed in a "ballot box" true to form it was announced that the dance had triumphed over the play. However, the play went down with flying colors and almost everyone seemed satisfied. We shall broadcast further information at a later date concerning the next important event, at P. H. S.—The Senior Hop!

Senior A Class Officers

President	Carmen Massimiano
Vice-President	John Gannon
Secretary	
Treasurer	Marjorie White
Faculty Advisor	Mr. Barnet Rudman

Senior B Class Officers

PresidentMerrill	Cabor
Vice-PresidentGeorge Lo	
SecretaryWilliam Shir	nmon
Treasurer Eleanor Ga	nnon
Faculty Advisor Miss Marjorie	Day
Ring Committee Marion Simmons, Fred Carpenter, Robert Por	neroy

Junior A Class Officers

Fred Chester
Kenneth Roberts
Miss Rachel Morse
Katherine Gregor Kenneth Robert Miss Rachel Mors

Junior B Class Officers

PresidentWilliam	Pomeroy
Vice-PresidentRober	t Wagner
SecretaryBeat	rice Vary
Treasurer Eve	rett Ayer
Faculty Advisor	iss Sayles

Commercial Notes Palmer Method Penmanship

Awards: Business and High School Certificates have been awarded to the following members of the Senior B class:—Margaret Cannon, Wilhelmina Coyne, Elizabeth Hoff, Rose Kowski, Mary Pullano. In order to receive this award the pupil must fill out a booklet of examinations. These booklets are returned to the A. N. Palmer Company for correction. A report stating corrections made, reasons for rejection, if any, and certificates awarded, is returned to the pupil in charge. This report has been received and certificates awarded to the pupils mentioned above.

Celia Manley, Com'l.

Sophomore A Debate

The second period Geography division of the Sophomore A's had a debate, February 18th.

The subject was: "Resolved that South America needs the United States." The negative side was lead by Joseph Pelkey, and the affirmative by Miss Elva Squires. The debaters on Mr. Pelkey's side were: Miss Jennie Silvernail, Mr. Plass, Mr. Stanton, and Miss E. Nagelsmith. The debaters on Miss Squires' side were: Miss Miner, Miss Lillian Sauer, Mr. Metropole, and Miss Dorothy Wellspeak.

The judges were: Mr. Quirico, Mr. Sotille, and Mr. Lombardi. The time given to each debater was three minutes, and for the critics ten minutes. Mr. Pelkey and Miss Sauer, after having delivered their arguments, started the rebuttal. Mr. Pelkey did very well in his rebuttal against the affirmative. The Affirmatives, however, failed to take advantage of this and did not succeed so well. The judges then gave their decision in favor of the Negatives.

Mary Victor.

Class of 1926 Officers

Class of 1926 Officers	
President	Anne Rodger
Vice-President	Elizabeth Phelan
Secretary	Prentiss Bailey
Treasurer	Parker Savage
Class Advisor	Miss Downs
	P. Bailey.
Senior B Class Officers	
President	Catherine Tone
Vice-President	
Secretary	Elizabeth Hoff
Treasurer	
	Elizabeth Hoff, Sec'y
Junior A Class Officers	K
President	
Vice-President	Irma Chase
Secretary	Mary Flynn
Treasurer	
	M. F., Sec'y
Junior B Class Officers	\$
President	
Vice-President	Alberta Kilian
Secretary-Treasurer	Esther Lightman
Class Advisor	Miss Rieser
Sophomore A Class Office	rs
President	
Secretary	
Treasurer	Michael Foster

Class Advisor Miss Downs



P. H. S. 15—Drury 17

After decidedly but not decisively outplaying a strong Drury quintet for a whole game of very fast basketball, P. H. S. suffered its first league defeat of the season, Friday, January 15th. Nevertheless, Drury had to work and work hard for every point she made.

The result of this game can be regarded as disappointing, unimpressive or encouraging, according to the preference of the regarder. However, the results are far from being pessimistic. In fact, the flashes of the very neat pass work as well as of individual playing and shooting predict a good season for our basketball five. A. Rose was not only the leading scorer but also P. H. S. court general. Garner and Campion were also among Pittsfield's star performers.

P. H. S. 43—St. Joseph's of North Adams 13

Saturday, January 23rd, Pittsfield High defeated St. Joseph's of North Adams in a very one-sided hoop contest. During the whole encounter the St. Joseph boys secured only two hoops from the floor, one in each half. Rose, playing a whirlwind of a game, was high scorer for Pittsfield with sixteen points. Pittsfield High's passwork was exceptional, in spite of the close guarding of the opponents. Final score: Pittsfield 43—St. Joseph's of North Adams 13.

P. H. S. 28—Williamstown 12

Pittsfield High easily defeated Williamstown on their home court Jan. 30th. Pittsfield High presented a well balanced quintet which showed great promise. A much higher score could have been run up if a large group of substitutes had not taken the floor. Some of these boys, however, gave evidence of becoming very efficient for coming seasons. Arnold Rose played his usual brillant game. Final Score: P. H. S. 28—Williamstown 12.

P. H. S. 19—Dalton 20

P. H. S. suffered its second league defeat of the season at Dalton, Saturday, February 6th. During the first half and part of the second, P. H. S. looked like a sure victor. Dalton played doggedly but seemed to be outclassed; only the remarkable playing of Fahey from behind his own foul line kept Dalton in the running. Murphy, however, in the last few minutes of play, caged a long, high shot, and sent Dalton into a lead, which was not overcome. With but two minutes to play, the P. H. S. quintet started a thrilling rally that brought their supporters to their feet in a frenzy. With but a few seconds to play, Rose, who played a wonderful game, sank two foul points, putting Pittsfield within one point of Dalton. At this instant the whistle blew, and Dalton came out on the long end of a 20 to 19 score.

Both schools were well represented at this game and the cheering of both sections afforded great zest and interest to the onlookers. A. Rose, together with his running mate, R. Froio, showed the crowd what a well balanced pair of forwards can do.

P. H. S. Conquers Adams 26-17

The Pittsfield High quintet made a rough trip over the snow clad roads to Adams in order to defeat decisively the Adams five in that city. There was no doubt as to the outcome of the game from the start. Pittsfield clearly outplayed their upcounty rivals in passing and shooting. At times Pittsfield's passing was so neat and brilliant that even the Adams' supporters were warm in their praise. "Had" Price turned in some beautiful shots from the side of the court, while A. Rose scored often enough to keep the small group of Pittsfield rooters at ease. Pittsfield's back field men, "Hank" Garrison and Ralph Garner, played their usual steady games.

P. H. S. 34—St. Joseph's of North Adams 11

Wednesday, February 17th, Pittsfield easily defeated St. Joseph's of North Adams in a North Berkshire league contest. Pittsfield got off to a good start and had everything its own way throughout the entire game. Ralph Froio, playing his first year in a purple and white uniform, played an excellent game. His scoring was the result of exceptional team work and snappy pass work on the part of the rest of the team. A. Rose, our star forward, played only a few minutes, giving a substitute a chance to play. Price, too, figured prominently in the victory.

P. H. S. takes Williamstown down the Line

On Saturday, February 20th, Pittsfield turned back Williamstown High to the tune of 38 to 11. The game was a bit one-sided although Williamstown fought gamely, and the chief interest was afforded through the use of many substitutes by Pittsfield. The purple and white tossers, receiving no inspiration from a somewhat dead cheering squad, outfought and outplayed their opponents from start to finish. Coach Carmody's boys played a steady game and displayed excellent team work.

Rose and Froio played good floor games for Pittsfield, the former making six points and the latter nine. Cusick, who was sent in for Froio, continued the good work, scoring five floor hoops. Price, Pittsfield's pivot man, played a great game. He got the tap at most times, and registered three floor goals. "Hank" Garrison and Ralph Garner played the backfield in fine style.

M. O'Donnell: "I'm gonna sneeze."

Bob Nolan: "At who?"
M. O'Donnell: "Atchoo!"

D. Thompson: "I just got a three dollar bill."

W. Shepardson: "Impossible."

D. Thompson: "Tell that to my dentist,—it's from him."

The Scoreboard

One of the high lights of the game with St. Joseph's of North Adams was the tossing of a Pittsfield basket by Smith of St. Joseph's. He became confused in the game, and shot not wisely but too well.

* * * :

Arnold Rose, who has played a feature game so far, is well on his way to an All-Berkshire berth.

The St. Joseph's of N. A. game was played in the afternoon so that the members of the football team could attend the banquet at Adams.

* * * *

Between periods of the Drury and Adams games certain Pittsfield spectators gave impromptu entertainments. They were well received, and even came out ahead financially when some Adams fans, becoming expansive, tossed silver at them—hush money, no doubt.

* * * * *

A number of Pittsfield people were present at the Drury game in North Adams and they surely obtained their money's worth. There were also about two hundred P. H. S. students present and their lusty and spirited cheers were to be heard throughout the entire game. Drury! !—"Beware of the Ides of March."

* * * *

Dave Dannybuski, former P. H. S. star, is certainly living up to his reputation, playing on four basketball teams in Detroit.

* * * *

The season to date, in spite of two setbacks, has been fairly encouraging, and the fighting spirit displayed by the team is one of which the city and the school may be justifiably proud.

Tale of Two Cities—Basketball

Cruel as the Grave-Faculty

The Younger Set-Sophs

Seats of the Mighty-Front Seats

The Round-Up-Lunch Period

The Man of the Hour-Mr. Strout

A School for Saints-P. H. S.

Much Ado About Nothing-Senior A Class Meeting

Hard Times—Exams

Miss Kahiher reports the following from a test in the World News:

John Van MacMurry—Shah of Persia

Ignace Paderewski-Mayor of New York

Benito Mussolini-Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia

Count Volpi-Secretary of the Interior in the United States



ALUMNI NOTES



²20 Elizabeth Acly of the class of 1924, Wellesley College, was recently awarded the European Fellowship by the American Association of University Women. She is now studying at Wellesley for a degree in physical chemistry, which she hopes to obtain in June. She intends to sail for Switzerland to enter the University of Zurich to study for the degree of Ph. D.

Ora Ford of Longmeadow, a former resident of this city and a graduate of Cornell College, has returned from a journey into the jungles of Bolivia. Her story of her experiences was published recently in "The Eagle."

- '21 William Cole and Harris Hall are students at the General Theological Seminary in New York. They are studying for the Episcopal ministry.
- '22 Irene Canfield is Directoress of the Vocational Bureau at Wheaton.
- 23 Charles B. Lockwood of Richmond is a member of the Glee Club of New York University and is junior councilman of that organization. He is a junior in the College of Arts and Pure Science.

Wendell Budrow, a sophomore at Yale University, has been awarded the Hale scholarship for character and excellence in studies.

Catherine Humphreville, a junior at Simmons College, is chairman of the junior bazaar committee, advertising manager of the "Simmons College News," and was one of four students who were hostesses at a reception and tea given in honor of Bishop Slattery. She was also a member of the cast of the junior play.

Helene Millet, a junior at Smith College, is a member of the Press Board and was elected a member of the French Club.

²24 Elizabeth White, secretary of the class of 1928 at the College of Practical Arts and Letters, Boston University, has been appointed chairman of the Sophomore Hop Committee.

Dorothy Moran is treasurer of the class of 1928 at the College of Practical Arts and Letters, Boston University. She is also a member of Kappa Omega and a representative to the Student Government Board.

Thelma Nelson is editor-in-chief of the board which is making up the handbook in Boston University for freshmen entering in September. She is a Member of Pi Kappa Epsilon and a representative to the Student Government Board. At P. H. S., Thelma was editor-in-chief of "The Student's Pen" during her senior year.

Albert Williams, who attends the College of Business Administration at Boston University, was initiated into Delta Phi Epsilon.

Bella Levine has received a Palmer Writing Diploma at the Lowell Normal School. This was the first diploma awarded to a member of her class and enables her to teach this course of writing.

Mary Beebe is the soloist of the Glee Club at Russell Sage College.

John Ruberto is in the Glee Club at New York University.

Lillian Carlisle intends to enter Forsythe Dental School in June. At present she is in the office of Dr. R. W. Volk.

Charles Van Buskirk and Douglas Smith are attending St. Stephen's College,

'25 Gorham Beckwith was recently pledged to Kappa Omega at New York University where he is a freshman in the College of Engineering.

Betty Levine is attending the Lowell Normal School.

Peter Genovese has completed a course in the Huntington Preparatory School and has entered Boston University.

To the Alumni:—The success and value of the Alumni Column depends to a great extent upon the good will and co-operation of the alumni.

Any news or items pertaining to the activities of any Pittsfield High School graduate will be greatly appreciated by the Alumni Editor.

"Soundings"

A LTHOUGH "Soundings" is the first serious novel of A. Hamilton Gibbs, nevertheless, it has received extreme praise from prominent writers and critics. It is a story of modern life, "substituting for the flavor of cocktails and jazz a flavor of loyalty and out-of-doors,"—a story of the Hawthornes, father and daughter.

Nancy takes soundings of life and touches the deepest places of the heart. Tiring of England, she decides to take a trip to France for the first time alone, unaccompanied by her artist father. While there, she meets Cornelia Evans with whom she takes an apartment. Shortly after they settle down, Cornelia's brother, Lloyd, and his college friend, Bob Whittaker, come to visit the girls. Bob and Nancy fall in love with each other and here Nancy takes soundings. Later Bob proves unfaithful and Nancy, tired of life and heartsick, returns to England. Sometime later, Bob goes to war and once more he meets Nancy. This time he is a fine, true, young man whom experience has taught life's lesson.

"Soundings" is a love story so deeply conceived, so ably executed, that it leaves the reader breathless. It is truly striking from an emotional standpoint and beautifully written besides.

M. J. H.

E. McGill: "She threw him down with a look."

M. McGill: "Had a cast in her eye, eh?"

K. Shepardson: "Hear that fellow blowing about his business."

A. Tanner: "Yeah, trade winds."

H. Garrison: "Could I see you across the street, Miss?" Miss—: "If you can't, you should see an occulist."

R. Houseman: "I wonder why all the men are crazy to date me."

B. Pomeroy: "You can't imagine any sane man doing it, can you?"

Ted Combs: "Will Mary keep a date a long way off?"

J. Madden: "No, she's a good sport."



Exchanges

-MC-

At Home

"The Student's Pen"—The covers of your papers are always very attractive. We are in favor of using a variety of covers. The make-up of your paper is very good. Your department headings are clever and original. Why not put your poetry under a separate department heading, too?—"The Herald", Holyoke, Mass.

"The Student's Pen"—Book reviews are a new and interesting attraction.—
"The Hardwickian", Hardwick, Vt.

"The Student's Pen"—You have a fine literary department and the "Book Reviews" add much to your paper. Just a few more cuts.—"The Crimson and White", Albany, N. Y.

"The Student's Pen"—Your Christmas poetry is the spirit of the book.—"The Keramas", East Liverpool, Ohio.

"The Student's Pen"—Your book reviews and poems are extraordinary.—"The Orange and Black", Middletown, Conn.

"The Student's Pen"—What an excellent cover you had on your Thanksgiving number. It was very original and the one who drew it deserves a great deal of credit. One could not help but be favorably impressed with your paper from the first impression made by seeing your cover. We were disappointed in that we did not see much more work of the excellent calibre of your cover. Why couldn't the one who drew your cover draw a few cuts for your department headings? The stories in the issue were very good. In all, your paper was a very good one. Come again, "Student's Pen", we enjoy you as an exchange.—"The Cue", Albany, N. Y.

Mith Our Reighbors

"The Albanian", Washington, D. C.—We received somewhat of a shock (a pleasing one) when we saw the face of Churchill Francis, son of Pittsfield's mayor, beaming at us from a page of your magazine. The world is indeed small. Why don't you comment upon papers received?

"The Indicator", Fayetteville, N. Y.—We enjoyed your paper. Your literary department is especially good. The "Diary of a Freshman" greatly amused us. Read the comment of "Orange and Black." We are of the same opinion. The cover is very attractive. What about having some cuts for the departments?

"The Clarion", Fair Haven Vt.—Your cover is distinctive. The cuts are certainly appropriate. "Evening on a Southern Plantation" was very quaint and pretty.

"The Red and Black", Claremont, N. H.—You have excellent material for a poetry department. We hope that "Santa" brought you "more jokes" 'cause you need them badly.

"The Jabberwock", Boston, Mass.—Glad to receive another number of your publication. "Ho! Mates, Danger Ahead!" was a clever drawing. What about a few more?

"The Cue", Albany, N. Y.-Excellent cuts for your departments. Albany business men certainly give you fine support. A more artistic cover will help your magazine.

"The Red and White", Rochester, N. H.—You have a very tasteful cover and cuts. Your poetry section is excellent. In fact, so are all the departments. We are greatly impressed with this first issue and are pleased to exchange with you. "The Red and White" is a carefully arranged magazine.

"The High School Herald", Westfield Mass .- A fine list of jokes. A poetry section would help your paper. Your alumni department is very lengthy.

"The Jeffersonian", Rochester, N. Y.—The Alumni is well managed. Where are you hiding the poetry and exchange sections?

"The Owl", Wellsville, N. Y.—"It is to laugh" at your comics. Both a poetry and exchange department are needed. You have a splendid literary section.

"The Orange and Black", Middletown, Conn.—From the neat and attractive cover to the advertisements yours is a fine magazine. However, you could comment more upon exchanges. Where are your story tellers? We stumbled upon no stories.

"The Delphian", Providence, R. I.—Enlarge your departments. We searched in vain for jokes. Doesn't anything humourous occur?

"The Roman", Rome, Ga.—We greatly enjoyed our Georgia friend. Your departments have some dandy headings. We were particularly taken with the exchange cut. Your literary section is most enjoyable. Why not have a poetry section; you have the material? "The Roman" is one corking magazine.

"Netop", Turners Falls, Mass.—You have a fine paper. If the college professor mentioned in the joke read some of the jokes to his classes, he would have no difficulty in keeping them awake. Your stories are clever especially "The Stone of Gratitude." You might add an exchange department.

"The Reflector", Woburn, Mass.—A clever magazine. You surely have a good poetry section. Why not have a joke department equally as good? We like the idea of having the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, and Senior editors. Your magazine does deserve a more attractive cover.

"The Chronicle", Poultney, Vt.—Your alumni and Joke sections show that they are in capable hands. You need a poetry section and some jokes.

"The Observer", Ansonia, Conn.—You need jokes and cartoons to "liven up" your paper. We imagine that the "Faculty Guessing Contest" proved a source of much amusement. It was a clever idea. Oh! yes, we were so curious that we just had to solve it.

"Drury Academe", North Adams, Mass.—We can only write what others have, yours is one fine paper, though a few cartoons would hlep.

"The Exponent", Greenfield, Mass.—Originality is the keynote of your magazine. Your cartoons are varied and excellent. Yours is an extremely well planned paper. We suggest that you separate the exchange comments from Alumni notes,





"Say, what was the last thing played on the Del Monte organ the night the hotel burned down?"

"Yes, yes, go on."

"The hose!" (Exit rapidly).

Miss Morse: "What can you tell me about the King's Court?" Bowman (just waking): "It's an apartment house on South St."

E. Lapham: "Father's feet are so sore from walking to the office today that he can't use them."

A. Rose: "Then I'll be out to see you tonight."

L. Burns: "What started the explosion?"

M. McClatchey: "The powder on father's sleeve when he came home from the lodge meeting."

Mr. Russell told Catherine Killian to get a graduate and she went out and brought in John Dormer.

One Freshie: "Have a pinch of snuff?"

Second Freshie: "No, I never use it." One Freshie: "Say, you aren't wise at all. You'll sneeze in class, if you take it, and the teacher will send you home thinking you have a cold."

K. Ryan: "Do you want to start the Victrola?"

L. Stodden: "Why?"

K. Ryan: "It's about time you started something."

Z. Noble: "Dad doesn't like me to use the couch."

E. Fredengurg: "Why not?"

Z. Noble: "He doesn't want me hanging around low dives."

J. Madden: "That girl is a daughter of the Revolution."

J. Hollister: "Why, she's foreign born."

J. Madden: "Yeah, but her father owns a merry-go-round."

M. Mahar: "Shall I give you a sentence with the word, 'musty'?"

L. Young: "Musty sidedly not. I abhor puns."

ADVERTISEMENTS

S. Gamwell in lunch room: "Hey, what do you expect me to open these eggs with?"

One of the clerks: "Better open 'em with a prayer, Summy."

* * * *

Millie N: "There goes young Brown. He's an awful flatterer!"

B. Nolan: "Why, did he tell you you were beautiful?"

Millie N: "No, he said you were."

* * * *

M. Ring: "Sometimes you appear really manly, and sometimes you are effeminate."

B. Exford: "Well, it's hereditary. Half of my ancestors were men and the other half, women."

E. Brown: "Why didn't Bill cry out when he sat on the hornet?"

J. Curtis: "He felt it beneath him."

Peg Smith: "You will have to tease mother if you want me to go."

W. Yates: "What'll I tease her about, her age?"

* * * *

G. Kennedy: "I've been told that the expression on a girl's face shows how her partner dances."

Jimmie MacIntosh: "Won't you please stop frowning?"

P. B. S. Alphabet

Continued from page 19

"W's" Work, a bug-bear to all,

But if we don't do it, marks surely will fall.

"X" is a symbol which teachers delight

In placing on papers denoting "not right."

"Y" stands for You, who go to this school

And learn all your lessons and ne'er break a rule.

"Z" is for Zero, a round little figure.

Dear teachers, be generous; don't use it with rigor.

"Poetas"

Ruben and Iby Sen

Continued fram page 21

In a most fascinating way, Louise Jordan Miln unrolls the scroll of destiny and reveals what the Fates hold in store for these two children, the son and daughter of a Chinese father and an American mother. If you are interested in Chinese customs, you will enjoy the author's vivid descriptions of the celebration of "Wash the Cat Day," of "Spring Festivals" and of marriage ceremonies. Spend an afternoon in China with an incense burner and Ruben and Ivy Sen for company.

Lulu Vreeland '26.

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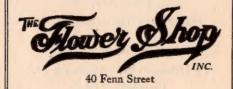
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The STUDENT'S PEN

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